THE HILLMAN

An Unusual Love Story

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

"You stily child!" Louise exclaimed No one told me you were here. Have you had any lunch?"

"Long ago," Sophy replied. "I have sen finishing your accounts." Louise made a little grimace. "Tell me the worst," she begged.

"You are overdrawn at your bunk, ur bills are heavier than ever this oth, and there are five or six special counts-one for some electric fitings, another for the hire of a motor -which ought to be paid." Louise was looking up at the ceiling.

the sighed. "It would be nice," she said, "to ive someone to pay one's bills and ook after one, and see that one wasn't

"Well, you need someone badly," Sohy asserted. "I suppose you mean o make up your mind to it some day." you know that that terrible man from the hills—John Strangewey's brother has been here this morning? He frightened me to death."

"What did he want?" Sophy asked

"He was a trifle vague," Louise re marked. "I gathered that if I don't send John back to Camberland, he's going to strangle me."

Sonhy leaned across the table "Are you going to send him back?" the asked.

"I am in an uncertain frame of mind," Louise confessed. "I really can't decide about anything."

"I want to tell you this, Louise," Bophy sand firmly. "John is getting to know a great many people, and you know how men talk at the clubs. Aren't you sometimes afraid that he will hear things and misunderstand?" "I am expecting it every day," Louse admitted.

"Then why don't you end it?" "Which way?"

There was a silence between the two vomen. The muffled street noises from outside became the background to a stillness which grew every moment more oppressive. Louise returned to her former attitude. She looked stendfastly before her, her face supported by her hands.

Sophy grew paler and paler as the minutes passed. There was something strange and almost beautiful in Louse's face, something which had come to her lately, and which shone from her eyes only at rare intervals.

"You care for him, I believe!" Sophy pried at last. "You care for him!"
Louise did not move.

"Why not?" she whispered.

There was a ring at the front door. Louise, from her place, could see the long, gray bonnet of John's car. Almost before she could speak, he was

"It's an atrocious time to come, know-" he began apologetically.

"You're in time for some coffee, anyhow," Sophy told him cheerfully. "And know Louise is glad to see you, because if you hadn't come. I was going to make her go through some accounts.' "You know I am always glad to see

you." Louise murmured, pointing to a thair. "Sophy and I have been kaving most interesting discussion, but we have come to a cul de sac."
"I really came," John explained, "to

ask if you cared to come and see a sollection of pictures. There's an Ital- "The Things That Were Hinted Could an-a futurist, of course-just unsacked his little lot and set them up ver a curiosity shop in Clifford street. He is sending out cards for next week, out I could take you today—that is, f you would care about it. We can somewhere for some ten afterward." Louise made a little grimace.

"What bad luck!" she exclaimed. She stopped short. She felt that by er hesitation she had, in a sense, committed herself.

"I have promised to go and have ten with the prince at Seyre House," she said. "It is an engagement we made

John set down his empty coffee cup with a clatter. An inexplicable but lominating fury seemed to have sudfenly assailed him. He took out a gigarette and tried to light it. Sophy. after watching him for a moment in stonishment, slipped out of the room. Louise came over to his side. "Are you really so much disappoint-

d?" she asked. "I am so sorry! If I had known that you were coming for me, I would have kept myself free." "It isn't that exactly," John answered. "It's something I can't altother explain. If you don't mind, I gether expinin. At the some-think I will be going. There is some-thing I must put right."

He left without another word. She ed him step into his new motorpar and drive away a little recklessly idering the crowded state of the sonsidering the crowded state of the streets. He drew up, a few minutes later, outside the club in Pail Mali, here, as it chanced, he had lunched that day with the prince of Seyre.

nd the prince still sitting in the smoking room, reading a review. over the top of which he glanced up as John approached, and nodded non-

"Back again?" he murmured. "I came back to have a word with

The prince laid down the review,

keeping his finger in the place, "Delighted!" "Not long ago," John went on, "in this room, someone—I think it was Major Charters—asked you what you were doing this afternoon. You replied that you were engaged. There were proval others present, and they began, a that you. Perhaps I joined in—I have been to be asked you, to use the Charters who asked you, to use "Not long ago," John went on, "le

the affirmative. There was a loud volley of chaff. You listened without contradiction to many references concern ing the lady and the afternoon's en-

The prince nodded slightly. His face emained quite expressionles

"As a matter of fact," John concluded, "I have discovered by the purest accident that Miss Maurel is to be your guest this afternoon at Seyre House." The prince inclined his head gently. He remained monosyllabic. "Well?"

John frowned heavily.

"Can't you see," he went on bluntly, "that if any one of those men who were present, and heard what was said about your guest, found out afterward that it was Miss Maurel who came to see you-well, I need not go on, need 1? I am sure you understand. The things which were hinted at could not possibly apply to her. Would you "I wonder!" Louise murmured. "Did mind sending a note to Miss Maurel and asking her to have ten with you some other afternoon?"

"And why the deuce should I do hear. that?" the prince asked, a trifle paler, but entirely self-possessed. "To oblige me," John replied,

The prince wiped his eyeglass care-

fully upon his handkerchief. "Mr. Strangewey, you are a very amiable young man," he said equably, to whom I have tried to show some kindness for Miss Maurel's sake. I really do not see, however-pardon my putting it plainly-what business this is of yours."

"It is my business," John declared, because I have asked Miss Maurel to be my wife, and because I am hoping that some day, before very long, she will consent."

The prince sat quite still in his chair his eyes fixed upon a certain spot in the carpet. He had not even the appearance of being engaged in thought. He seemed only steeped in a sort of passivity. Finally, with a sigh, he rose

"My young friend," he decided, "your statement alters the situation. I did not credit you with matrimonial intentions. I must see what can be done!' His lips relaxed ever so slightly-so slightly that they showed only a glimpse of his teeth in one straight,



Not Possibly Apply to Her."

hard line. He looked at John mildly, and his words seemed destitute of all offense; yet John felt the lightnings were playing around them.

"I shall write a note to Miss Maurel," the prince promised, as he made his way toward the writing table, "and ask her to visit me upon some other afternoon."

CHAPTER XVIIL

Back again to his rooms and later on, once more to Louise's little house in Kensington; a few minutes' masterful pleading, and then success. Louise wrapped herself up and descended to

For an hour or more John drove steadily westward, scarcely speaking more than a chance word. It was twilight when he brought the car to a standstill. Louise raised her veil and looked up.

"Well?" she asked inquiringly. He pushed back the throttle on his steering wheel and stopped the en-

gine. Then he turned toward her. "I have something to say to you," he said. "I have brought you here that I may say it in my own way and in my

"This is like you!" Louise murmured. "You had to bring me out to wet March afternoon, to tell me-

"First of all." John began, "I will answer a question which you have asked me three times since we started out this afternoon. You wanted to know how I found out that you were not going to ten with the prince. Well, here in the truth: I asked the prince to change the day of your visit to him." Her fine, sliky eyebrows came a little

You asked him that?" she repeated. John nodded.
"And he consented?"

"I will explain," John continued. "It was a most unfortunate circumstance, but in the club, after lunch, the subject of spending the afternoon came up-The prince spoke of an engagement. He was tied at home, he said, from four to six. Some of the men began to chaff him, and suggested that he react who asked you, to use was entertaining some lady friend, his some whether your eppoint. Intest favorite—well, I dare say you with a lady. You resided in one imagine the rest," John broke off.

drew it higher up.

"Well, when I left your house the first time this afternoon, I went straight back to the prince. I pointed out to him that after what had been said, as it might become known that you were his guest of today, it would be better for him to postpone your visit. He agreed to do so."

"Was that all that passed between

"Not quite," John replied. "He sked me what concern it was of mine and I told him I hoped that some day you would be my wife."

She sat quite still, looking down upon the flaring lights. She was filled with a restless desire to escape, to start the motor herself, and rush through the wet air into London and safety. And side by side with that desire she knew that there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to stay just where she was, and to hear just the words she was going to

"So much for that!" John proceeded. "And now please listen. I have brought you out here because under these conditions I feel more master of myself and my thoughts, and of things I want to say to you. Something takes me by the throat in your little drawing-room, with its shaded lights, its perfume of flowers, and its atmosphere of perfection. You sit enthroned there like the queen of a world I know nothing of, and all the time letters and flowers and flattering invitations are showered upon you from the greatest men in maid, who was lingering at the other London. The atmosphere there stifles me, Louise. Out here you are a woman and I a man, and those other things fall away. I have tried my best to come a little way into sympathy with your life. I want you now to make up your mind to come down a little way into mine!"

She felt the sudden snapping of every nerve in her body, the passing away of all sense of will or resistance. She was conscious only of the little movement toward him, the involuntary yielding of herself. She lay back in his arms, and the kisses which closed her eyes and lips seemed to be working some strange miracle,

She was in some great empty space, breathing wonderful things. She was on the hilltops, and from the heights she looked down at herself as she had been-a poor little white-faced puppet, strutting about an overheated stage, in a fetid atmosphere of adulation, with a brain artificially stimulated, and a heart growing cold with selfishness. She pitied herself as she had been. Then shy opened her eyes with a start "How wonderful it all is!" she mur-

mured. "You brought me here to tell me this?" "And to hear something!" he insist-

"I have tried not to, John," she confessed, amazed at the tremble of her ike the confession of a weeping child. "I cannot help it. I do love you! I have tried not to so hard, but nownow I shall not try any more!"

They drove quietly down the long hill and through the dripping streets. Not another word passed between them till they drew up outside her door. She felt a new timidity as he handed her out, an immense gratitude for his firm tone and intuitive tact.

"No, I won't come in, thanks," he declared. "You have so little time to rest and get ready for the theater." "You will be there tonight?" she

asked. He laughed as if there were humos in the suggestion of his absence. "Of course!"

He slipped in his clutch and drove off through the rain-gleaming streets with the smile and air of a conqueror. Louise passed into her little house to find a visitor waiting for her there.

Eugene, prince of Seyre, had spent the early part of that afternoon in a manner wholly strange to him. In pursuance of an order given to his majordomo immediately on his return from his club after lunch, the great reception rooms of Seyre House, the picture gallery and the ballroom were prepared as if for a reception. Dust-sheets were swept aside, masterpleces of painting and sculpture were uncovered, the soft brilliance of concealed electric lights lit up many dark corners.

He was forty-one years old that day, and the few words which John had spoken to him barely an hour ago had made him realize that there was only one thing in life that he desired. sight of his treasures merely oothed his vanity. It left empty and unsatisfied his fuller and deeper de-sire of living. He told himself that a hilltop, on the dreariest hour of a his time had come. Others of his race had paid a great price for the things they had coveted in life. He, too, must follow their example.

He was in Louise's drawing-room when she returned-Louise, with hair and cheeks a little damp, but with a wonderful light in her eyes and with footsteps that seemed to fall upon air. "Some tes and a bath this moment, Aline!" she called out, as she ran lightly up the stairs. "Never mind about dinner, I am so late. I will have some toust. He quick!"

"Madame—" Aline began. "Don't bother me about anything now," Louise interrupted. throw my things off while you get the bath ready."

She stepped into her little room browing of her clonk as she entered. Then she stopped short, almost upon the threshold. The prince had risen The prince had risen to his feet. He came toward her. Even as he

her cheeks, the radiant happiness which shone in her eyes.

"I am not an unwelcome intruder, I hope," he said. "But how wet you The fingers which he released fell servelessly to her side. She stood

looking at him as if confronted with new-found life were being slowly drained from her veins. "You are overtired," he murmured.

leading her with solicitude toward an easy chair. "One would imagine, from your appearance, that I was the bearer of some terrible tidings. Let me assure you that it is not so." He spoke with his usual deliberation, but she seemed powerless to recover herself. She was still dazed

and white. She sank into the chair and looked at him. "Nothing, I trust," he went on, "has happened to disturb you?"

"Nothing at all," she declared hastily. "I am tired. I ran upstairs perhaps a little too quickly. Aline had not told me that there was anyone here.' "I had a fancy to see you this after-

noon," the prince explained, "and, finding you out, I took the liberty of waiting. If you would rather I went away and came for you later, please do not hesitate to say so." "Of course not!" she exclaimed.

do not know why I should have been so silly. Aline, take my coat and veil," she directed, turning to the end of the room. "I am not wet. Serve some tea in here. I will have my bath later, when I change to go to the theater.' She spoke bravely, but fear was in

her heart. She tried to tell herself that this visit was a coincidence, that It meant nothing, but all the time she knew otherwise. The door closed behind Aline, and

they were alone. The prince, as if anxious to give her time to recover herself, walked to the window and stood for some moments looking out. When he turned around, Louise had at least nerved herself to meet what she felt was imminent. The prince approached her deliber-

ately. She knew what he was going to say. "Louise," he began, drawing a chair

to her side, "I have found myself thinking a great deal about you during the last few weeks." She did not interrupt him. She simply waited and watched.

"I have come to a certain determination," he proceeded; "one which, if you will grace it with your approval. will give me great happiness. I ask you to forget certain things which have passed b-tween us. I have come

to you today to beg you to do me the honor of becoming my wife." She turned her head very slowly and he always will. That is because until she was looking him full in the he will insist upon dwelling upon cerher eyes a little strained. The prince was leaning toward her in a conventional attitude; his words had been spoken simply and in his usual conversational manner. There was some thing about him, however, profoundly convincing.

"Your wife!" Louise repeated. "If you will do me that great hon-

It seemed at first as if her nerves were strained to the breaking-point. The situation was one with which her brain seemed unable to grapple. She set her teeth tightly. Then she had a sudden interlude of wonderful clearsightedness. She was almost cool.

"You must forgive my surprise, Eugene," she begged. "We have known each other now for some twelve years, have we not?—and I believe that this is the first time you have ever hinted at anything of the sort !"

"One gathers wisdom, perhaps, with the years," he replied. "I am fortyone years old today. I have spent the early hours of this afternoon in reflection, and behold the result!" "You have spoken to me before." she

said slowly, "of different things. You



You to Do Me the Honor Becoming My Wife."

have offered me a great deal in life, but never your name. I do not understand this sudden change!" "Louise," he declared, "If I do not

tell you the truth now, you will probably guess it. Besides, this is the one time in their lives when a man and woman should speak nothing but the for in tropical countries the pith of truth. It is for fear of losing you that is why."

Her fingers played nervously for a seemed to take in her disheveled con-moment with the edge of the rug. She dition, the little patches of color in ruptly, the tears streaming from her in the world. I do not want to shake eyes. The prince leaned forward. He hands with many hundreds of people took her hands in his, but she drew at that hateful reception. I think I

> withstanding all your worldly knowla sudden nightmare. It was as if this edge and mine, we missed it. We do not know the truth about life, you and

—at least you do not, and I did not." He rose very slowly to his feet. There was no visible change in his face save a slight whitening of the cheeks.

"And the sequel to this?" he asked "I have promised to marry John she told him. Strangewey." "That," he replied, "is impossible!

have a prior claim."

The light of battle flamed suddenly in her eyes. Her nervousness had gone. She was a strong woman, face to face with him now, taller than he seeming, indeed, to tower over him in the splendor of her anger. She was like a lioness threatened with the loss of the one dear thing.

"Assert it, then," she cried defiant-"Do what you will. Go to him this minute, if you have courage enough, if it seems to you well. Claim, indeed! Right! I have the one right every woman in the world possesses to give herself, body and soul, to the man she loves! That is the only claim and the only right I recognize, and I am giving myself to him, when he wants me, forever!"

She stopped suddenly. Neither of them had heard a discreet knock at the door. Aline had entered with the tea. There was a moment of silence "Put it down here by my side, Aline," her mistress ordered, "and show the prince of Sevre out.'

Aline held the door open. For a single moment the prince hesitated. Then he picked up his hat and bowed. "Perhaps," he said, "this may not be the last word!"

CHAPTER XIX.

John came back to town from his Cumberland home, telling himself that all had gone as well as he had expected. He had done his duty. He had told Stephen his news, and they had parted friends. Yet all the time he was conscious of an undercurrent of disconcerting thoughts.

Louise met him at the station, and e fancied that her expression, too, although she welcomed him gally enough, was a little anxious, "Well?" she asked, as she took his arm and led him to where her limou

sine was waiting. "What did that terrible brother of yours say?" John made a little grimace. "It might have been worse," he declared. "Stephen wasn't pleased, of course. He hates women like poison,

sweet, low voice. Her words seemed face. Her lips were a little parted, tain unhappy incidents of our family history.' "I shall never forget the morning used to it myself. I don't think you he came to call on me." Louise sighed. "He threatened all sorts of terrible

things if I did not give you up." "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I thought it might worry you," she replied, "and it couldn't do any good. He believed he was doing his duty. John, you are sure about yourself, hear you say that," he declared. "I aren't you?"

He was a little startled by the earnestness of her words. She seemed pale and fragile, her eyes larger and deeper than usual, and her mouth tremulous. She was like a child with the shadow of some fear hanging over her. He laughed and held her tightly

Her lips sought his and clung to them. A queer little wave of passion seemed to have seized her. Half crying, half laughing, she pressed her face against his. "I do not want to ward." act tonight. I do not want to play,

want nothing else in the world but

said. "I almost loved you. I was all she lay, for a moment, passive in most yours to do whatever you liked his arms. He smoothed her hair and with. But somehow, somewhere, not kissed her tenderly. Then he led her back to her place upon the couch. Her emotional mood, while it flattered him in a sense, did nothing to quiet the little demons of unrest that pulled, every now and then, at his heartstrings.

"What is this reception?" he asked She made a little grimace.



Her Lips Sought His and Clung Them.

"It is a formal welcome from the

Edward is calling for me, and Gralllot will go down with us. Later, if you care to, you can drive me home." "Don't you think," he suggested.

that it would be rather a good opportunity to announce our engagement?" "Not tonight!" she pleaded. "You know, I cannot seem to believe it myself except when I am with you and

we are alone. It seems too wonderful after all these years. Do you know, John, that I am nearly thirty?" He laughed. "How pathetie! All the more reason, I should say, why we should-let

people know about it as soon as possaid, a little nervously. "Let me get will have to wait long. Everything I have been used to doing and thinking seems to be crumbling up around me. Last night I even hated my work,

or at least part of it." His eyes lit up with genuine pleas

"I can't tell you how glad I am to don't hate your work-I've got over that. I don't think I am narrow about it. I admire Graillot, and his play is wonderful. But I think, and I always shall think, that the denouement in that third act is abominable!"

She nodded understandingly. "I am beginning to realize how you must feel," she confessed. "We won't talk about it any more now. Drive me to the theater, will you? I want to be there early tonight, just to get everything ready for changing after

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AIR UP 10.000 FEET COLD

Even in Hottest Weather Aviator May Be in Arctic Regions After Flight

Aviators experience many different degrees of temperature in their flights. On the hottest day in summer a flying man may be in the arctic regions in ten minutes by mounting to a height of 10,000 feet, just as the climber may pass through all the shades of temper ature by climbing Kilima-Njaro, that giant peak which rises above the snowline from the equator. He commence with the tropical jungle and ends amid eternal snow.

The fact is that the temperature is invariably low at 10,000 feet and over, whether at the tropics or the poles, and it is quite likely to be lowered at the equator. Airmen well know the intense cold of those upper regions, and they need the rig-out of a Shackleton if they would mount to 20,000 feet above the earth's surface. In fact, there is little variation of temperature in these upper reaches of the at mosphere. It is much the same in sum mer as winter, except for the difference which a high wind makes.

Even in the depth of a hot summer the airmen will encounter 40 degrees of frost at 10,000 feet, and at twice that altitude 100 degrees of frost—the temperature of the South pole—is not

Useful Banana Plant.

It must not be thought that of the banana plant the fruit alone is enten. the stem, the top of the floral spike. Her self-control suddenly gave way. as food. The fibers of the leaves are husbands make only \$100 a m and also the young shoots are used stooped to kiss her fingers, his eyes She threw herself back in her chair. used for thread, cloth and ropes. Columbus (Q.) Journal.

First Pension Fund.

In this country the first pension fund was established by the city of New York for policemen. Since then many states and cities have enacted retirement legislation, the number of retirement funds has increased to over 400, and many thousands of nuls. lic employees have been covered by retirement provisions. Although the expansion of the movement has been rapid. It has by no means reached its limit. As yet a number of states and cities have not adopted any retirement legislation; the 300 pension funds for police and firemen do not include all employees of these two groups; the 100 teachers' pension Tunds cover only about half of the teachers, and the remaining funds, approximately 40, cover only a small fraction of all other classes of federal, state and municipal employees.

four to six inches in diameter which in the adult shell has two and one-half coils. It is gracefully turned and deli-

The Nautilus.

The nautilus is a flat spiral shell,

cately built, pearly within and porcels neous without. The original specimens before they have been cleaned and pol ished, have cross-bands marking their exterior of a reddish-brown color. Opposite the opening of the shell, the coil bears a large patch of black, and there is also a narrow band of black lining the edge of the opening.

A Social Leveler.

The vegetable wagon is a great leveler and we notice when it con around in the morning and the neigh bor women meet at it that those whose husbands make \$3,500 a year chat very pleasantly with those wi



A Russian Proverb. With God go over the sea; without him, not over the threshold.

COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few-a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.-Adv.

Appropriate. "Just look how those old maids are almost dragging that young drummer into their hotel." "Yes-It's what might be called the

'Haul of the Ancients.'" Natural Affinity. Manager-Do you want this role? Actor-Is there any "dough" in it?



\$50 for an Ear of Corn CORN CONTEST

"It is a formal welcome from the English stage to the French company that has come over to play at the new French theater," she told him. "Sir Edward and I are to receive them. You will come, will you not? I am the hostess of the evening."

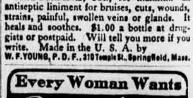
"Then I am not likely to refuse, am I?" he asked, smiling. "Shall I come to the theater?"

"Come straight to the reception at the Whitehall rooms," she begged. "Sir Edward is calling for me, and Graillot

Edward is calling for me, and Graillot

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lies entandinary classing and semaidial power.
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mail. The Partee I olist Company, Beston, Mas.

Like the Drafted Men. A number of volunteer soldiers were waiting to be "shot" when one of them remarked: "In a way this compulsory vaccination makes us conscripts."

"How so?" he was asked.

we?" he replied.

Some Reason. Probably Delilah's hair was getting thin and she became enraged at Samson because he refused to name the

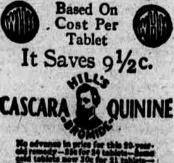
"We are forced to bare arms, aren't

brand of hair tonic he used.

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Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Bold everywhere.-Adv. Natural Place "So Bill dressed up his story?" "Yes, and then took it to a swallow tale party."



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